



## DECK THE HALLS

The time has come to make out our Christmas shopping lists, for Christmas will be upon us quicker than you can say Jack Robinson. (Have you ever wondered, incidentally, about the origin of this interesting phrase "Quicker than you can say Jack Robinson"? Well sir, the original phrase was French—"Plus vite que de dire Jacques Robespierre," Jack Robinson is, as everyone knows, an anglicization of Jacques Robespierre who was, as everyone knows, the famous figure from the French Revolution who, as everyone knows, got murdered in his bath by Danton, Marat, Colquhoun, and Aaron Burr.

(The reason people started saying "Quicker than you can say Jacques Robespierre (or Jack Robinson as he is called in English-speaking countries)" is quite an interesting little story. It seems that Robespierre's wife, Georges Sand, got word of the plot to murder her husband in his bath. All she had to do to save his life was call his name and warn him. But, alas, quicker than she could say Jacques Robespierre, she received a telegram from her old friend Frederic Chopin who was down in Majorca setting lyrics to his immortal "Warsaw Concerto." Chopin said he needed Georges Sand's help desperately because he could not find a rhyme for "Warsaw." Naturally, Georges Sand could not refuse such an urgent request.

(Well sir, Georges Sand went traipsing off to Majorca, but before she left she told her little daughter Walter that some bad men were coming to murder daddy in his bath, and she instructed Walter to shout Robespierre's name when the bad men arrived. But Walter, alas, had been sun-bathing that morning on the Riviera, and she had come home loaded with sea shells and salt water taffy, and when the bad men came to murder Robespierre, Walter, alas, was chewing a big wad of salt water taffy and could not get her mouth open in time to shout a warning.

Robespierre, alas, was murdered quicker than you could shout Jacques Robespierre (or Jack Robinson as he is called in the English-speaking countries).

(There is, I am pleased to report, one small note of cheer in this grisly tale. When Georges Sand got to Majorca where Chopin was setting lyrics to his immortal "Warsaw Concerto," she was happily able to help him find a rhyme for "Warsaw," as everyone knows who has heard those haunting lyrics:

*In the fair town of Warsaw,  
Which Napoleon's horse saw,  
Singing cockles and warrels, alas alas*

*al?*

But I digress. We were speaking of Christmas gifts. What we all strive to do at Christmas is, of course, to find unusual, offbeat, different gifts for our friends. May I suggest then a carton of Marlboro Cigarettes?

What? You are astonished? You had



not thought of Marlboro as unusual, offbeat, different? You had regarded them as familiar, reliable smokes whose excellence varied not one jot or tittle from year to year?

True. All true. But at the same time, Marlboro is unusual, offbeat, different, because every time you try one, it's like the first time. The flavor never fails, never gets luke-warm. Each Marlboro is a fresh delight, a pristine pleasure, and if you want all your friends to clap their hands and exclaim, "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus?" you will put them at the very top of your Christmas list.

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And for further Yuletide joy, give Marlboro's undiluted companion cigarette, mild, satirical Philip Morris—in regular size or the sensational new king-size Commander. You'll be welcome aboard!

